GargOyle

Volume CII, Number 1 Fall 2010

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Michael Stephens . . . . . Lord of the Dance
Natalie Voss . . . . . Nicaragua Bound

Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, and proclamations to

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Ann Arbor, MI 48104

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Visit us at:
www.gargmag.com

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HUG THIS,
MUTHAFUCKAS!!

Philosophy

BY DAVID FAULKNER

What do you write for something that shouldn't exist? According to legend, the Philosophy was originally a last ditch effort by a clever (and desperate) editor to fill space in the magazine. Little did that editor imagine that over the years the Philosophy would become a regular gig: the Gargoyle equivalent of a Letter From the Editor. Somehow, I've been granted a fiefdom, this little tract of tundra to call my own. I've been given free reign to nurture this plot of magazine, to tend it and grow it into something meaningful.

But is that even possible?

The Philosophy was a Hail Mary, a three AM decision; not something carefully planned with the intention of bountiful harvest, but then, wasn't the Gargoyle itself? In a brilliant turn of cosmic narrative development, the Philosophy has become the proud inheritance of each editor—an annoying and luxurious responsibility—much like the Gargoyle itself. The parallels are uncanny.

What began as a literature magazine with a humor section in the back to help it sell (you can check our history, it's true), has metamorphosed into something wholly alien from the founders' vision. Sure, we still publish literature every now and again (check out "Terminal" on page 26), but the main thrust of the magazine is and shall remain entertaining you, gentle reader, not dressing you. If we can arouse a grin, a chuckle, a belly laugh, or even so much as a thoughtful smirk, we've done our job, and you've validated our continued existence. We were never intended to be a humor magazine, yet here we are, flying in the face of what anyone expected: a magazine that shouldn't be.

Or maybe not?

Perhaps intentions don't matter and all that's important is what you do with the pages. The magazine has kind of exploded in the last few years. Ad revenue is up, as is our headcount—we went from a staff of 8 to a staff of 30+ in a few short years—and our readership. When I first joined, I couldn't imagine actually being asked for the magazine when we did diag distro, yet now it's a fairly regular thing. Now people actually know what I'm talking about when I mention the Gargoyle at parties. The numbers for our blog and twitter followers are through the roof and rising. We've interviewed nationally known talent (see "Ok Go" and "Electric Six" in volume C #2), and locally know talent (stay tuned for an interview with My Dear Disco). And it's only getting better.

Like it or not, the Gargoyle is on the up and up, rising out the ashes of each summer, driving relentlessly forward and reinventing itself with each new staff. We're cranking out content all over the place, filling the internet with podcasts, videos and articles about cannons. We're sending staffers to Burning Man to collect madness for us to distill into a fine entertainment concentrate—fresh and convenient for you to devour. I'm proud to lead this new group of hooligans into the new school year. I'm proud to have the challenge of filling this space, a space that needn't exist. I'm proud of the Gargoyle, a magazine that needn't exist, but does anyway. Oh, do we ever. ■

Mail

Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
The Gargoyle
420 Maynard
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us at on the internet:
http://www.gargmag.com/

Max Eddy, beloved Gargoyle editor from 2006 to 2008, recently embarked on a cross-country adventure in homelessness. What follows is a record of his journey as told through an impressive number of post cards:

Have you wondered what happens to old controversies? Do they, like fine wines, mellow with age and complexity? Shall we, come 2025, be sipping daintily from chalices of Death Panels, Lewinsky Dresses, and Detroit text messages? Or do they, like great generals just FaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaAaade Away?

Your Man on the Run,

-Max

Unf Unf Unf
Aww yea baby
unn yeah
So... unn slimy
yessss
unf unf unf

-Max? (the handwriting looks familiar...)

What is happening, Gargoyle? You never call, You never write. Be advised that Matt Thompson is here, and he once shed his blood all over the wall. Think about that the next time you're in the board room.

SEATTLE LOVES YOU

-Max

Dear Mr. The Gargoyle,

It has come to our attention here at the Charlottesville Howard Johnson Ca. 1983 that you not only neglected to pay your bill, but you have turned the room you rented (10A) into a Mexican Tapas restaurant. This is untenable and unallowable, we demand its removal forthwith, and that you pay further reparations for this vexing situation.

Sincerely,

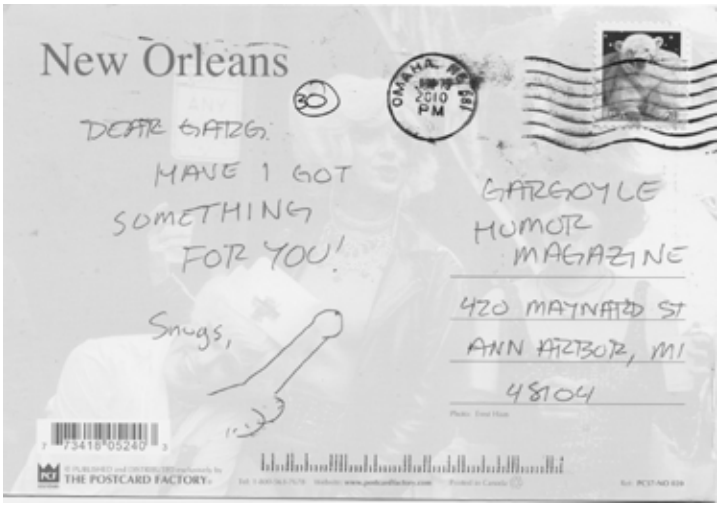
The Charlottesville Howard Johnson, Ca. 1983

The thief clings to his chickens while escaping on his hog.

Meanwhile, a dead-eyed girl holds something while clutching something else.

In short: Greetings from the Omaha Airport.

-Max



Ann Arbor Cultural Calendar

September 1-November 30

September

1 Baron Knoxburry
2 Darrin James Band
3 Ann Arbor Soul Club
4 The Classic
8 Biz Markie
9 Cornmeal
10 The Spring Standards
The Hard Lessons
11 Billy Bragg & Darren Hanlon
The Secret Twins
14 Toubab Krewe
15 Pharoahe Monch
16 Toad the Wet Sprocket
School of Seven Bells
Bye, Bye, Birdie (A2 Civic Theatre)
17 The Second City
The Mighty Diamonds
Bye, Bye, Birdie (A2 Civic Theatre)
18 The Second City
Tickled Fancy Burlesque Co.
Bye, Bye, Birdie (A2 Civic Theatre)
19 Bye, Bye, Birdie (A2 Civic Theatre)
Mother Courage and Her Children (Frog Island Park in Yipsi)
21 Margot and the Nuclear So & So's
22 The White Ravens
23 Ultraviolet Hippopotamus
24 Tobacco
25 Rosanne Cash
The Bang!
28 The Parkington Sisters
!!!
29 One.Be.Lo
30 Jordi Savall and La Capella Reial de Catalunya
BMM

Venues

The Ark
The Blind Pig
University Musical Society
The Michigan Theatre
U of M Museum of Art

October

1 The Ryan Montbleau Band
Broken Social Scene
Student Songwriter Series
2 Mustard Plug
3 Eric Johnson, Andy McKee and Peppino d'Agostino
4 Ra Ra Riot
5 Abigail Stauffer
6 The Slackers
7 The Steel Wheels
Stephen Kellogg & The Sixers
Paul Taylor Dance Company
8 MC Frontalot
Paul Taylor Dance Company
9 Paul Taylor Dance Company
Dead Again
Raul Malo
10 Willy Porter
Marilnsky Ochestra
The Brew
12 Nick Lowe and His Band
13 The Wailin' Jennys
14 Joe Pug
Takács Quartet: Schubert Concert
15 Tom Paxton
16 The Macpodz
17 Kim Richey & NewFound Road
18 Arlo Guthrie
19 Arlo Guthrie
20 Great Big Sea
Jackie Green
Signal Path
21 Jerusalem String Quartet
22 Student Songwriter Series
23 Sankai Juku: Hibiki
Beethoven Festival
Deals Gone Bad
24 Sankai Juku: Hibiki
27 Venice Baroque Orchestra
Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull
One.Be.Lo
Big Bad Voodoo Daddy
28 The Soft Pack
29 Los Straitjackets and Big Sandy and His Fly-Rite Boys
Django Reinhardt's 100th Birthday Celebration

November

2 The Chapin Sisters
Once. More 1961
3 Bill Staines
4 Jake Shimabukuro
The Tallis Scholars
5 Alasdair Fraser & Natalie Haas
Trampled by Turtles and The Infamous Stringdusters
6 De Temps Antan
Mariachi Vargas de Tecalitlán
8 Eoto
10 Murray Perahia, piano
12 Enter the Haggis
13 Strings on Fire
14 Shape Note Singing
16 Melissa Manchester
18 Stew and The Negro Problem with Heidi Rodewald
19 Student Songwriter Series
Stew and The Negro Problem with Heidi Rodewald
20 Gandalf Murphy and the Slambovian Circus of Dreams
Stew and The Negro Problem with Heidi Rodewald
21 Shawn Colvin
23 Take A Chance Tuesday
28 Gemini Family Show

Ongoing

Aug 21–Nov 28	The Prints of James McNeill Whistler
July 31-Oct 24	UMMA Projects: Jakob Kolding
Sept 9-Oct 3	Susurrus
Oct 14-17 & 21-24	Into the Woods (UPROD; Mendelssohn Theatre)
Oct 22-Nov 8	Cloud Tectonics (The New Theatre Project; Pot & Box)
Nov 6-Jan 30	UMMA Projects: Simon Dybbroe Møller

Have an event that you want on the calendar? Email us at **gargmail@umich.edu**!

The Beast of the Arb

Gargoyle investigates the truth behind one of the University of Michigan's greatest legends

BY JACOB ROSEN AND SEAN KERMATH

One of our very own writers had a personal encounter with the infamous Beast of the Arb. What follows is his shocking, and slightly graphic detail of the engagement.

It was a cool summer's night when I saw the beast for the first time. Sure, I'd heard stories about an experiment gone horribly awry, or a physics major with a tingling in his groin for domestic horses finding his way into Domino farms, but I had never believed it.

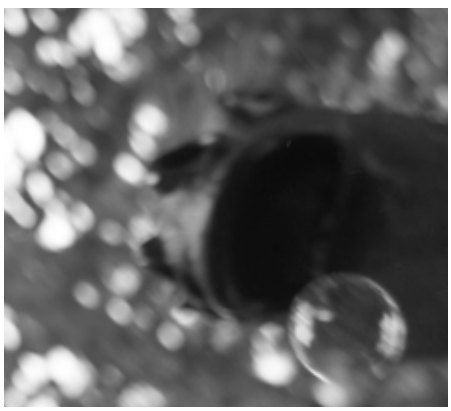
That night I felt an unknown urge to take a walk in the Arb. Exams were over and after clipping my fingernails there was nothing left for me to do in the apartment. So against the wishes of my superstitious roommate, I left alone for Geddes armed with nothing but my keys and my beating stick, which I carried in the event that I spotted someone on a longboard.

It had the head of a horse with the saddest eyes I had seen since Mary Sue Coleman was forced to increase the scholarship budget.

There was an eerie silence in the air, as if the whole town had died except for me, or there was another book burning on the Diag. Nevertheless, I continued my descent into the dark forest.

As I hit the bridge, I thought I heard soft crying, but dismissed it as another acid flashback. The noise grew more distinct; I smelled cheap gin and wine flavored cigarillos. The sounds became increasingly erratic and violent; intrigued, I ventured toward the clearing by the river from which the sobbing originated.

I pulled back an oak branch and there it was, back turned to me. At first, all I could see was torn jean shorts and a sweat soaked tank top. Armed with my stick, I approached the strange man. I hadn't made it three steps before landing on a particularly crisp leaf.



Pictures courtesy of the estate of Osiris Sinclair

The man, or so I thought, jerked around.

It had the head of a horse with the saddest eyes I had seen since Mary Sue Coleman was forced to increase the scholarship budget.

For three seconds there was complete silence, but it felt like a thousand millennia. The beast stared at me with its shoulders hunched out of embarrassment and years of solitary masturbation.

"I'm not here to hurt you," I blurted out as calmly as possible. It huffed in recognition, while stuffing something back into its pants. Slowly, I began walking closer.

As if it just realized I had spotted it, the beast grabbed its half empty bottle of Beefeater and ran off with nothing more than a whinny and the splattering of vomit. I stood in that spot for two hours, too flabbergasted to move.

Big game hunter Osiris Sinclair boasted that he could track and take down the Beast. Before he set out he allowed local news correspondent Tanya DeLay an interview.

Tanya: So Mr. Sinclair…
Osiris: Osiris is fine ma'am.
T: Osiris. You have hunted some of the most dangerous beasts that walk this Earth, so what is in store for you now?
O: My years of traversing the globe have brought me here to Ann Arbor. I'm planning to risk my life in the dark wilds of the Arb to hunt the most dangerous game. No, not tweaked out Grad students; I'm hunting the Beast of the Arb.
T: Are you sure? No one has ever been brave or foolish enough to try.
O: Well I just happen to be both.

The Gargoyle secured a print of Osiris Sinclair's personal journal, which he used to document his last days in search of the Beast. We publish them in his memory on the two pages to follow. ■

SCIEN
AMEI

BEAST OF THE ARBORETUM

After many Ann Arbor residents, students, and visitors reported seeing an unidentified creature living in the Arboretum, a team of academic professionals was assembled. We spent many weeks in the Arboretum without finding any trace of the elusive beast. Finally, one night, there were rumblings near our base camp. Dr. Brody and her grad student, Tim, went to discover the cause of this disturbance. Within minutes Dr. Brody returned, babbling about a horse headed man. The rest of the team rushed out to find Tim. By dawn, there was no sign of him. Dr. Jackson(the team lead) deemed it unsafe to stay and the expedition was ended six weeks early. Dr. Brody continued to mumble of an unspeakable horror that followed her long after they had left the Arboretum. She is now living in Saunders Maximum Security Asylum. Grad student Timothy O'Neill was never found. There is still no conclusive evidence as to the existence of the Beast of the Arb.

Of the Arb, Beast: A rarely seen creature which stalks its prey in the Arboretum. It is said to possess the head of a horse and the body of a man. Recent evidence seems to indicate that it is carnivorous or perhaps omnivorous with a preference for meat. Within the last year, it has been reported to have been venturing out of the Arboretum, possibly in search of new, human, prey. Caution: be careful when dealing with the Beast, as it is considered to be very dangerous, unlike the friendly Chupacabra (Chapter 7).

Day 8
I found the Beast's lair. Now I lay in wait The Beast will be mine.

Day 10
I took a shot at it. Only made it angry. Charged me and smashed my gun. It chased me for hours. I think I'm safe now. I need to get out of here.

Day 11
I don't know where I am. I think its hunting me now. I keep thinking I see it. And I can hear it. It's whispering in my head.

Day 13
It's gonna get me. I know it. I definitely saw it today. It was just watching me, waiting.

Day 14
Oh God! Oh God! It attacked yesterday. My arm is broken and my supplies are gone.

Day 15
I'm back where it all started, I passed its hideout. How? I've been running in the opposite direction for days. How big is this place? How have I gotten back?

Day 16
If anyone finds this, I hope the Beast doesn't find them. If I make it out of h

Transgalactic Cephalopod

A series of memos from the desk of a secretary to the Space Octopus Himself

BY JORDAN BIRNHOLTZ

May 6, 5:43 PM
George Lucas called
about You,
Space Octopus. He
wants movie rights,
wants to show you the contract.
I think You've got this in the bag.

May 11, 11:00 AM
Yeah, he called again,
that dirt bag,
Lucas.
I redirected him to Your voicemail,
overheard the message.
He wants You to look at the screenplay,
I bet the dialogue is sub-par.

May 12, 9:00 AM
Release from Your inscrutable grasp
the Hubble Space Telescope.
I know You are hungry,
but this is just malevolent.
All I'm saying is,
You've been a real son-of-a-bitch-opus
lately.

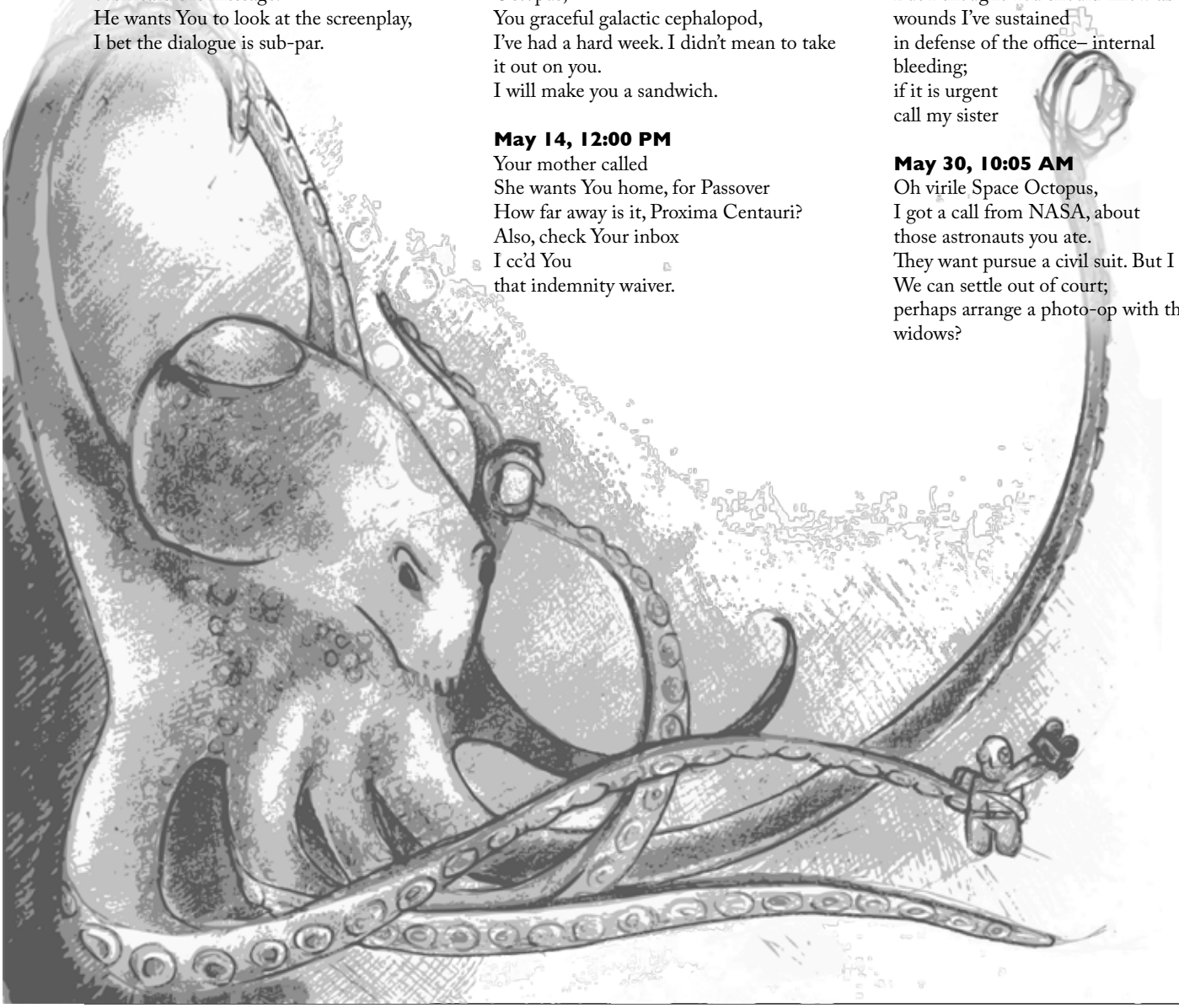
May 12, 9:03 AM
Sorry, I'm so sorry
I didn't mean it!
Oh, magnanimous and forgiving Space
Octopus,
You graceful galactic cephalopod,
I've had a hard week. I didn't mean to take
it out on you.
I will make you a sandwich.

May 14, 12:00 PM
Your mother called
She wants You home, for Passover
How far away is it, Proxima Centauri?
Also, check Your inbox
I cc'd You
that indemnity waiver.

May 20, 1:00 PM
There are Vogons at the gate;
they say they want Your corpse and
to read You poetry. Though,
I don't expect in that order.
Can't hold them back much longer,
I'll try to bbm You. Please pick up your
phone.

May 20, 1:02 PM
Hi, I don't mean to disturb!
I'm sure whatever You're doing is very
important
But I thought You should know about the
wounds I've sustained
in defense of the office– internal
bleeding;
if it is urgent
call my sister

May 30, 10:05 AM
Oh virile Space Octopus,
I got a call from NASA, about
those astronauts you ate.
They want pursue a civil suit. But I think
We can settle out of court;
perhaps arrange a photo-op with the
widows?



"Skin to Win" Photo Contest

Win *Gargoyle* t-shirts, prints, stickers, and **MONEY** just by showing off a little of what you were born with!

The Gargoyle is hosting a photo contest!

The guidelines are simple: Just strip down to your birthday suit and cover up your nonsense organs with a copy of the magazine! While we will not print photos showing off visible tits 'n' dix, you should still make a valiant effort to show off as much as your filthy, sinful flesh as possible. While **all qualifying photos submitted will be published in an upcoming issue of *The Gargoyle***, only one winning photo will be selected TO WIN MONEY.

Extra points will be awarded for the following:

-Magnitude of Nudity
-Group Shots
-Public Nudity
-Shamelessness
-Shamefulness
-Creativity

To enter, simply fill out the release form at the bottom of this page and send it, along with your photo(s), to:

gargmail@umich.edu

or

The Gargoyle
420 Maynard
Ann Arbor, Mi 48104

Photos will NOT be published online or released elsewhere whatsoever, nor kept digitally or in any other form whatsoever after the printing of the next issue, and names and contact information will NOT be attached to any of the published photos (although if you request otherwise, that would be BITCHIN'). Blur out faces if you desire, or request that we do it for you!

Gargolye Photograph Release Form

I hereby grant to *Gargoyle Humor Magazine* the right and permission to use the photograph(s) I have given them only for the purpose of this competition.

I hereby release and discharge *Gargoyle Humor Magazine* from any and all claims and demands arising out of or in connection with the use of the photographs, including any and all claims for libel or invasion of privacy.

I am 18 years of age or older and have the right to contract in my own name. I have read the above and fully understand the contents. This release shall be binding upon me and my legal representatives.

Printed Name _____ Signature _____

Date _____

Superheroes' Dark Secrets

BY MICHAEL STEPHENS

For a superhero, protecting one's secret identity is one of the most important matters in the world. If one's identity became public knowledge, one's loved ones might be targeted by the forces of evil or, god forbid, fanboys. But there are some secrets that our beloved superheroes and supervillains guard even more closely than their identities.

SUPERMAN, during his time on Earth, has developed masochistic tendencies and flagellates himself nightly with a whip made of kryptonite.

BATMAN, shockingly enough, has never had sexual intercourse with, or otherwise molested, his sidekick, Robin. He did, however, contract herpes from The Riddler, which he then passed on to Harvey Dent. Some have speculated that this was the real reason for Dent's becoming Two-Face, and the deformed side of his face is actually an incredibly aggressive outbreak of herpes sores.

THE JOKER got his scars shaving. That's it.

SPIDERMAN was once arrested for biting the president of the United States on the hand, resulting in a mild case of necrosis. He was quoted as saying, "I just wanted to give him spider powers too. I thought that's how it worked." As it turns out, that's not how it works.

GREEN GOBLIN, while on a hiatus from his life of supervillainy, formed an alternative rock band called Green Goblin and the Pumpkin Bombs. Their hit single, a cover of Kermit the Frog's "Bein' Green," peaked at #77 on the Billboard Hot 100. After a failed solo career culminating in a disastrous European tour with Kelly Clarkson, the goblin returned to his original profession of fighting Spiderman.

CAPTAIN AMERICA is rumored to have had ties to the USSR. The House Un-American Activities Committee was able to compile a substantial file of evidence against him. Excerpts from this file include:

–Several of his neighbors were also suspected of communism.

–He has an unusual fondness for the color red.

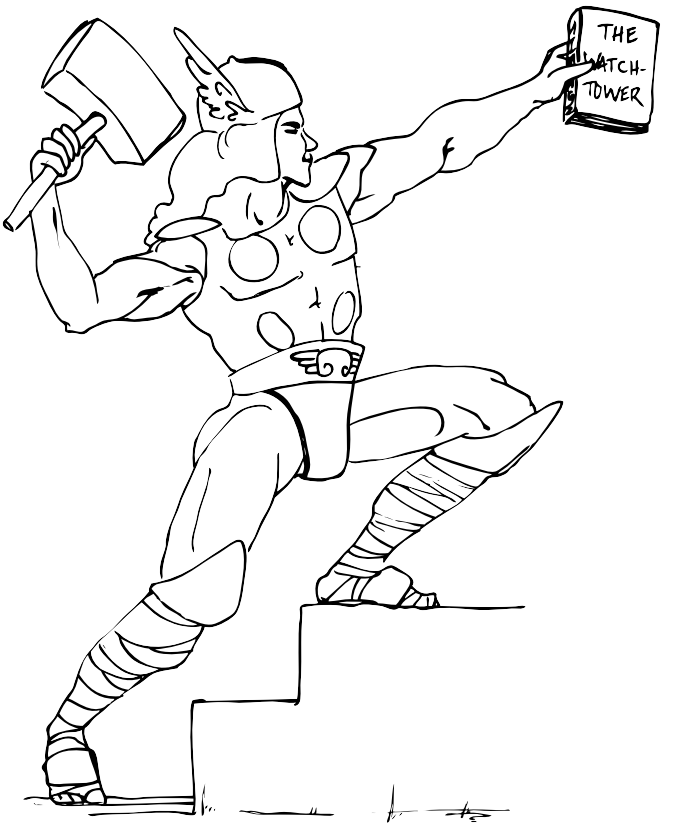
–His shield has a single star on it. So does the Soviet flag.

–In the eponymous 1990 film, he was played by Matt Salinger, who was in Under the Tuscan Sun with Diane Lane, who was in A Little Romance with Broderick Crawford, who was in The Time of Your Life with Paul Draper, who was one of the first people in Hollywood to be blacklisted.

–He and Joseph Stalin have matching friendship bracelets, engraved "Cap & Stalin, BFFs 4eva."

IRON MAN was on the verge of bankruptcy when stock in Stark Industries crashed along with the rest of the DOW. In order to get through this period of financial struggle, he briefly rented out his power suit to meth addicts to be used as a portable meth lab. Ever since, the armored hero has shown the symptoms of being under the influence of meth on several occasions. Though he claims this is because a trace amount of the drug remaining in his suit is interfering with the neural connections between his brain and the helmet, worried friends and enemies alike suspect that it may be something more.

THE HULK's biggest wish, from the bottom of his heart, is that someone, anyone, will like him when he's angry.



THOR is a Jehovah's Witness in his spare time. Fearful that his superhero identity might interfere with his ability to carry out the Lord's work preaching door-to-door, in the late 1990s he tried unsuccessfully to change his name to "Hammerman." The ensuing lawsuit by MC Hammer forced him to revert to his original name. On a tangentially related note, this lawsuit singlehandedly pulled MC Hammer out of his massive debts.

FLASH's name comes not from his inhuman speed, but from his hobby of exposing his genitalia in Florida retirement homes. It is currently estimated that for every old lady he has saved from purse snatchers with his superpowers, two have been killed by heart attacks brought on by the startling sight of his superpenis.

AQUAMAN takes enough shit as it is. What, you thought I was going to make fun of him for being useless? That would be a dick move. Poor guy doesn't need me ragging on him. He has enough problems with all of you assholes hating on him all the time.

MR. FANTASTIC, despite fan speculation, is not all that fantastic in bed. Evidently, there's one part of his body that he just cannot stretch, much to the dismay of his wife.

INVISIBLE WOMAN has been plagued since adolescence with identity issues and spends a good deal of her time trying to find herself.

THE AUTHOR of this article deserves to be shot for that terrible, terrible pun.

DOCTOR DOOM has taken up residence in the Gargoyle office, where he sits around all day doing nothing but drinking our booze and whining about how he has no friends. This behavior makes him right at home among the gargoyle staff.

WOLVERINE attended Michigan State, where he double majored in agriculture and murder. The latter was discontinued as a major at Michigan State shortly thereafter, but is still a respected department at Ohio State.

PROFESSOR X, in his younger years, starred in a series of low-budget pornographic films called "Professor XXX's School for Gifted Sluts."

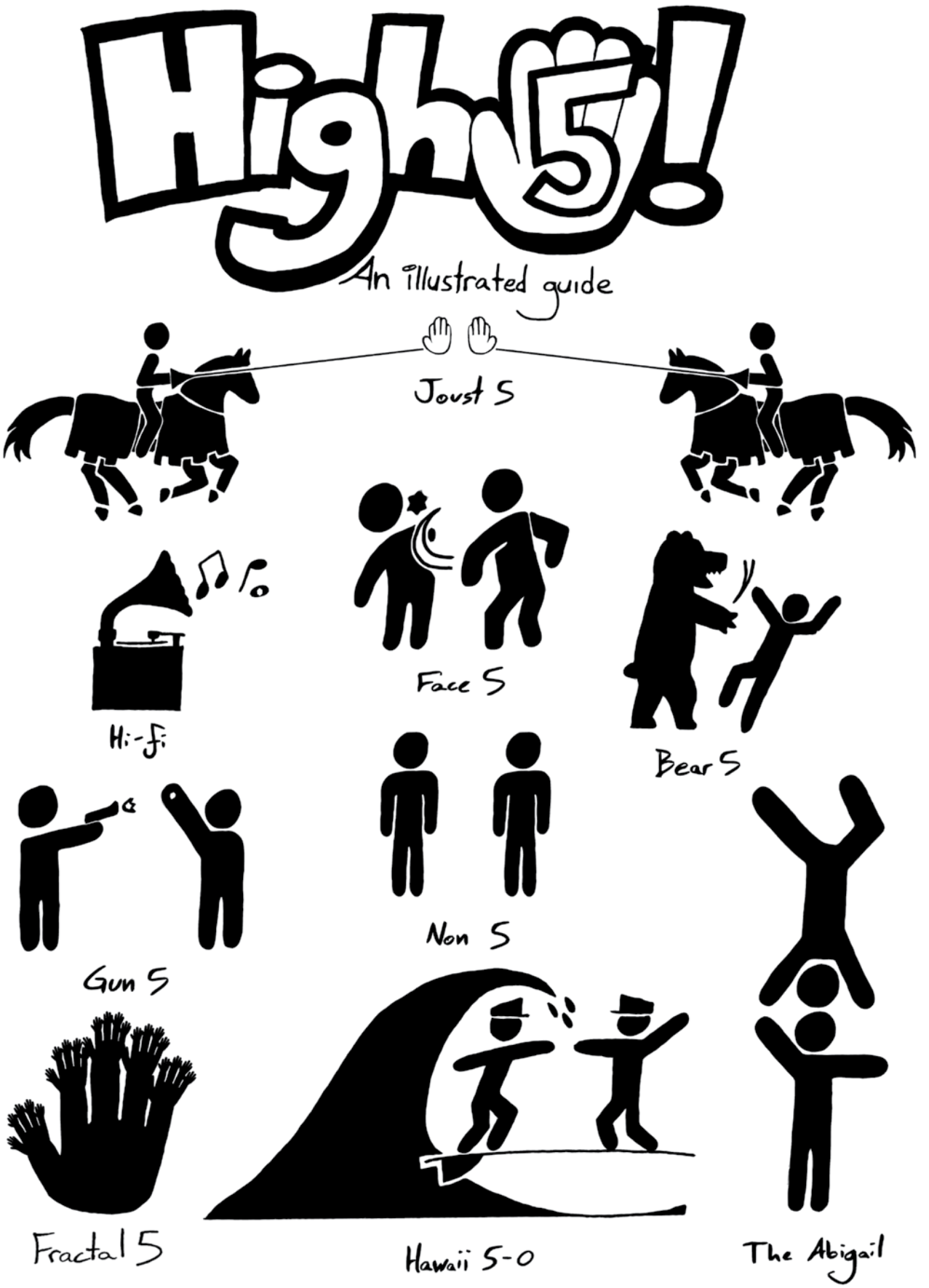
MAGNETO is a mechanophilliac: he is sexually aroused by cars. He holds the honor of being the only mechanophilliac to ever successfully engage in intercourse with an automobile and even bring about an orgasm in his partner, a feat that has baffled the few car experts worldwide who dared to think about it.

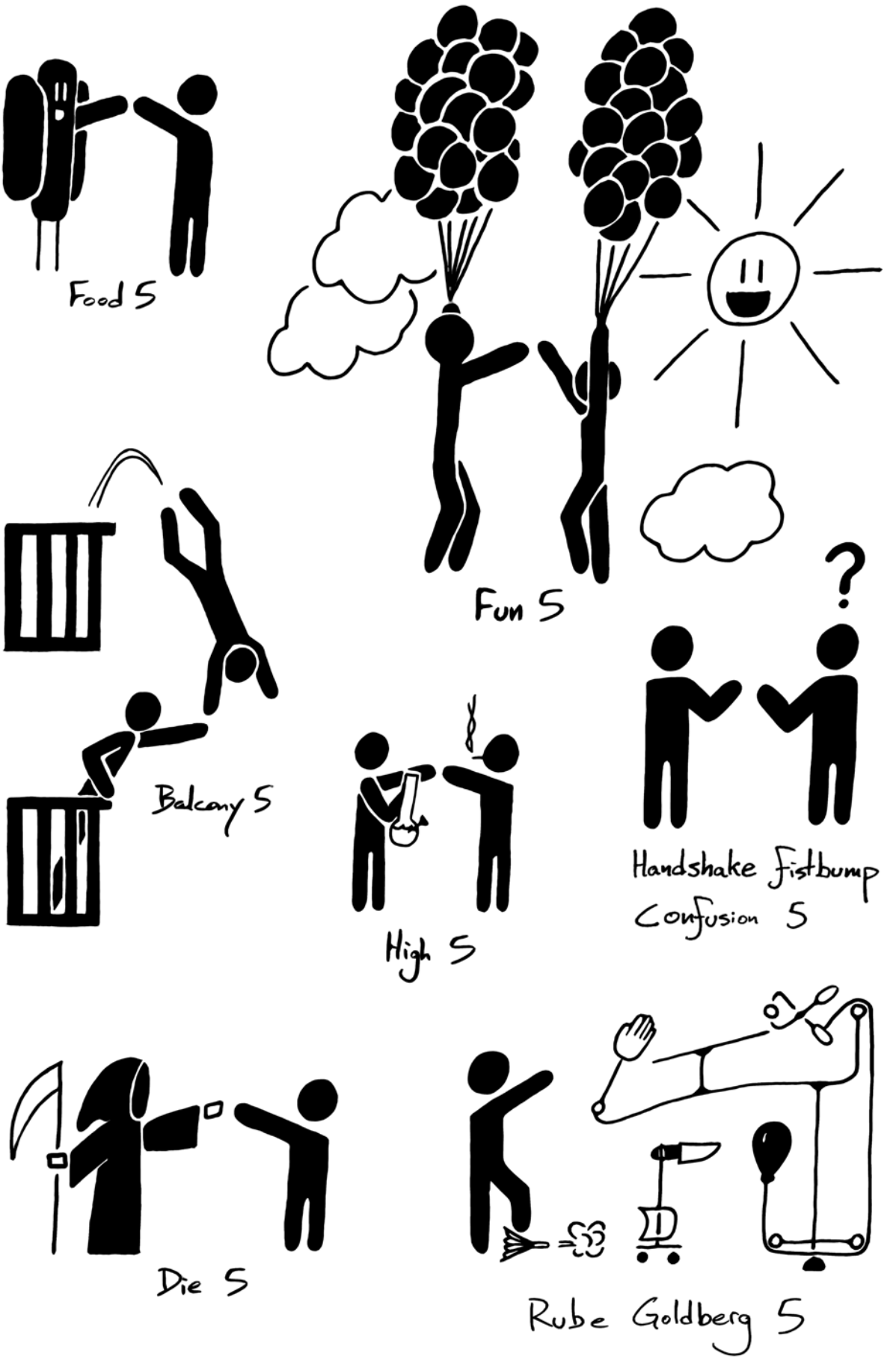
NIGHTCRAWLER is a pedophile with an insatiable lust for prepubescent blonde girls. He was almost caught by Chris Hansen and would have appeared on a much-hyped episode of Dateline MSNBC's To Catch a Predator, but he used his powers to escape after stealing a cookie from Hansen's customary offering.

STORM briefly joined The Weather Girls, feeling she was the perfect candidate for a position in the band. This catastrophic affair resulted in storm clouds over New York literally raining men for several days.

HUGH JACKMAN actually has adamantium claws in real life. Those were not fake. ■

Illustrations by Monica Ross


High 5!
An illustrated guide
Joust 5
Face 5
Hi-fi
Bear 5
Gun 5
Non 5
Fractal 5
Hawaii 5-0
The Abigail


Food 5
Fun 5
Balcony 5
High 5
Handshake Fistbump
Confusion 5
Die 5
Rube Goldberg 5

PARKER BROTHERS PRESENTS...

BY STUART VANDENBRINK

Meta-Monopoly: Instead of owning properties, players of Meta-Monopoly can purchase and charge rent on other versions of Monopoly. Park Place is now Simpsons Monopoly, Boardwalk is Lord of the Rings Monopoly and the Railroads are New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Miami Monopolies. All of the playing pieces are just other people playing Monopoly, except the shoe, which is still just a shoe. The Go to Jail square is Comptonopoly. (*See Figure 1*)

Figure 1

Comptonopoly: Exists solely to serve as the Go To Jail Square in Metamomopoly.

Nihilist Monopoly: Most of the spots are both a Go To Jail and a Chance square. Also, every Chance card is a Get out of Jail free ticket, which demonstrates the lack of meaning inherent in the game itself. The rest of the squares are Nietzsche quotes. Only the Overman gets to pass Go.

Obamanopoly: Free Parking is a socialist plot to destroy America. The Boardwalk is replaced by the Ground Zero Victory Mosque. Jail is a UN/New World Order/FEMA detention center. All tokens replaced by Rush Limbaugh, Alan Keyes.

GOPopoly: All Chance cards reveal an egregious Kinsley gaffe, which forces your resignation from House Minority leadership. All spaces are gerrymandered to disenfranchise Hispanics.

Lynchopoly: Named for director David Lynch. The board is an n-dimensional möbius strip. The second player goes first, the third player goes second, and the first player is a fleshless baby. Gameplay is nonlinear. *(See Figure 2)*

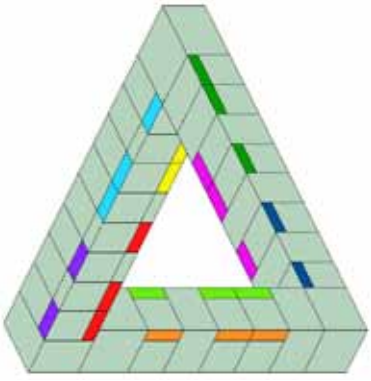
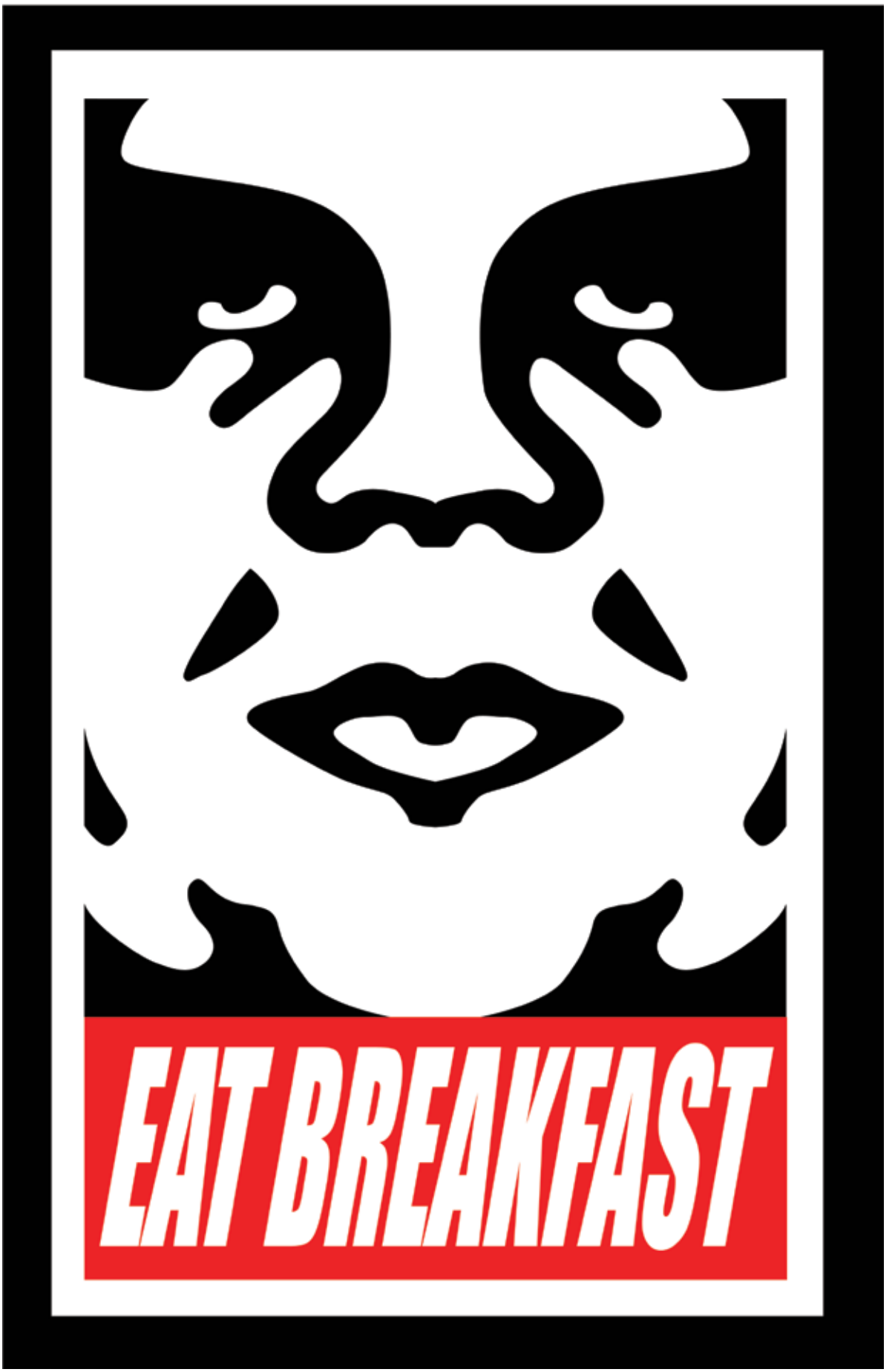


Figure 2

Feudalopoly: One player is designated the "lord," to whom everyone pays rent. No properties are for sale. The lord may rape your wife and children at any time.


EAT BREAKFAST

Ann Arbor Places

The Gargoyle staff lets you in on the best places to spend your time.

The Cube

You probably pushed it during your first tour of Michigan's campus, and your parents thought it was really cool. You then never touched it again.

However, the cube has more to offer than a fleeting 30 seconds of entertainment. Pranksters have dressed it up as a Rubik's Cube, a die (aka half a pair of dice), and as yet another vehicle for Obama propaganda.

Movies have been made about the deadly traps within the cube, but don't let that stop you from climbing up its uneven faces while your "friend" spins it faster and faster. Once you make it to the top, people will wonder how you got up there while you panic about getting back down safely.

As you ponder this, you'll be treated to an exciting view of the side of the Union, the LSA building, and that other really tall building you've never been in. Then you'll see them again. And again. Then you'll get sick of awkwardly perching on this stupid cube and get off.

Fun facts about the cube:

It's black.
It's larger than a breadbox.
Mary Sue Coleman's escape tunnel runs directly under it.

The Lurie Bell Tower

The north campus tour guides will tell you there are no perfect right angles on the Lurie bell tower. You believe them because the design looks like it was vomited upon by a neocubist, but in fact the tower does have a bunch of regular old straight elements. The tour guides are engineers, however, and if pressed they'll tell you that there are no perfect right angles, that even the straight pieces have angles of something like 90.02 degrees.

They don't publicize this much, but sometimes during a recital the elevator is left unlocked, and you can go up in the bell tower. There's a guy named Steven who plays the carillon from a little insulated room up there. It's insulated because it's really goddamn loud outside the room. Take the ladder up from right near the cabin, and you can wriggle across catwalks and up more ladders into the crawlspace where the actual bells are.

A metal grate covers the side, preventing engineers from redistributing their internal organs across the sidewalk below.

It would be a fantastic place for a snog if it weren't so damn cold (that's the other reason why the room is insulated). There's a big vertical metal grate covering the obvious means of egress from the tower, the purpose of which is to prevent engineering students from redistributing their internal organs across the sidewalk below. The wind blows right through it and perks your nipples.

Stop hanging out with your hip, savvy, English-speaking friends long enough to go spend an afternoon on north campus! Go visit the bell tower. Feel the ear-splitting noise and blistering cold for yourself. I never found a way to get a paper airplane or bagkite through the grate, but maybe you will. And please say hi to Steven for me.

Tios Resturant

Do you like pain? Do you like your pain to taste delicious and be given to you free of charge? Well then, why not try Tios? On the first Sunday of every month between noon and four they hold a hot sauce tasting. What that means is they set up a table with baskets of chips and about 40 different hot sauces.

Anyone is welcome to wander in and try as many as they like. They have a little red book for writing down the ones that you have tried, and I have been told reaching one hundred earns you a free t-shirt. Trying them all gets you on their "Wall of Flame". The first time I went there I was talking to the owner, who told me she does not put out the hottest sauces for the tasting, but keeps them in the back in a plastic container with Xs drawn on all the bottles. Apparently, because hot sauce can increase heart rate and blood pressure, people have had panic attacks in the restaurant.

A warning: if you order nothing but the chips and salsa, the waiters will hate you.

Alternatively, if you would like a cheap meal on any other day, Tios also offers unlimited chips and salsa for $1.50, regardless of how many people are splitting it. They always have an assortment of hot sauces on the tables, many with price tags on them reaching up towards $13 (you can buy bottles of any of the sauces Tios offers). I have never emptied less than an entire bottle of sauce during a meal there.

A word of warning though, if you are going to order nothing but the chips and salsa, the waiters will hate you. Even if you mix in far too much hot sauce with your salsa and are in obvious pain, they will not come around to refill your water. So you may want to bring your own bottle. But hey, where else are you going to get unlimited food for about the cost of a vending machine soda?

The Secret Jimmy John's

Wading through the darkness and intoxication, I walked. While geographic points of reference escaped me, my feet led onward in the hopes of salvation. Salvation in the form of satiating my salivation. I didn't even care how much my legs ached or how much alliteration I used – I was drunk and hungry.

And then there it was: a midnight oasis. The glorious logo in its regal red, white and black – the worst thing the Nazis ever did was taking those colors for their own. It was 4:07am, I was lost, and it was Jimmy John's. Secret Jimmy John's.

Upon entering, I threw my three quarters, two dimes, and a penny at the eyes of the closest attendant. While he was busy screaming and bleeding, I grabbed two loaves of day old bread and jumped through the glass door back outside. I quickly tied one loaf to each of my shoes, clenching my eyes tight and willing myself to fly.

I'll never know how I made it home that night. But I will know, and so should you, that if you ever find yourself drunk, lost, and alone – there's a place you can go.

A special place.

A secret place.

The Safe Sex Store

Whether you go there to giggle about dildos on the wall or to buy condoms and a sex board game, the Safe Sex Store is an excellent way to kill some time and money. I set foot in the store for the first time in hopes of selling a page of the Gargoyle for advertisement. Immediately, the penis shaped cookie cutters, cunnilingus instruction manuals and candy thongs to my left threw me off my ad-selling game. To my right were dildos, vibrators, cock rings, and something that looked like a rubber crawfish. But the back corner held the most impressive sight: a wall of condoms, as far as the eye can see. Instead of an ad sale, I left with a $4 bottle of lube and some great gift ideas.

While the merchandise is enough to get you started, the staff will finish you off. Never judgmental and extremely knowledgeable, they'll tell you that you?ve been wrapping your dick in Cheez Whiz of condoms, and it's about time you tried caviar. There are tons of sex games for under $10, all of which will help make for an interesting night.

If you need anything, from flavored condoms to a good piece of advice, stop by the Safe Sex Store when you get a free second.

Ann Arbor Burger Review

BY ADRIAN CHOY

Internationally-celebrated artist and culinary explorer Adrian Choy volunteered to taste and test every burger in Ann Arbor. When we explained to him that his quest may take years and lead to his ultimate ruin, he merely waved a dismissive hand and laughed, "Nonsense!" before stomping out of the meeting in search of burger.

Days passed, then weeks and months, so much time that we worried we might never see him again. The only evidence that he was even alive during that dark age were occasional missives, sometimes with sweet potato fries stapled to them, hastily jammed under the door to the office.

At long last, mere hours before we sent the issue off to the printers, a bold and haggard figure stumbled into the office clutching a tattered and greasy notebook. His breath was labored, his eyes wild, his overcoat stained with ketchup from a thousand burgers. In the final moments before his heart seized up like a caramelized engine block, Adrian announced between gasping breaths "My blood has solidified and my digestive system is eating itself because of this stupid review. I did it all for you. I'll see you all in hell."

Charlie's – 🍔🍔🍔🍔🍔

1140 South University Ave.

$4 for a burger and fries on Thursday, $8+ other days.

Charlies is always packed and for good reason. The food is good for the price and the pitchers are cheap.

The atmosphere has the feel of a college bar without cheapening itself by painting the walls with seizure-inducing patterns of maize and blue. The burgers themselves are bitchin': big and served with a wide range of toppings.

It's refreshing to find a burger joint that gets good beef and hires competent guys to cook it. Weather the wait and hit this place up.

Mo-Jo Dining Hall – *no burgers*

200 Observatory Street

Mosher Jordan's Dining Hall is to the Housing Dining Services as the one-eyed man is king in the land of the blind. But unless you're keen on "protein surprise" or the ethnic dish being served that night (i.e. noodles and rice), you may find yourself feeling adventurous enough to try a hamburger. Produced en masse and lovingly placed under heat lamps for hours at a time, Mosher Jordan burgers capably demonstrate that you can polish a turd.

Fleetwood – 🍔🍔

300 South Ashley Street

$4.04

Another place that you have no reason to go unless you are drunk and want mediocre breakfast food at 4 am.

The place is a breeding ground for hipster scum; if you don't like the fact that they run shop in a filthy, run-down trailer, then you just don't get it. The burger I ate was boring. Not quite horrible, but I felt a deep emptiness in my heart when I looked at the bill. Fleetwood gets points for being open 24/7. Get the Hippie Hash and don't give the waitresses the dignity of asking what their tattoos mean.

Quickie Burger – 🍔

800 South State

$5+

Situated just south of campus, this is not a place you're likely to patronize sober. If you were like me and spent the money here before getting gin soaked, you'll realize you've made a mistake. Don't be fooled by their 'Best Burger' award from the Daily; this hasn't been the first time the Daily has shown poor taste or otherwise been completely wrong. The perfectly round patties in their burgers suggest that they were bought at Costco and thrown on the grill. I wasn't sure whether I wanted to eat the end product or take it out behind a shed and put it out of its misery. Grease soaked through the bun and, and the only taste I discerned was the mysterious orange deathsauce covering the whole damn thing. Overpriced and disgusting; just go down the street and get a burrito.

@Burger – 🍔🍔

505 East Liberty

$8

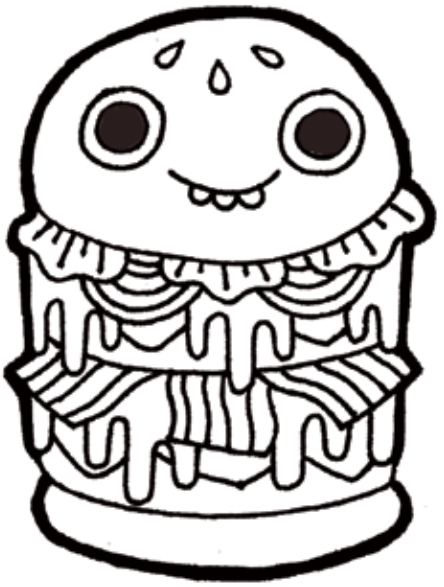
"Hey guys lets open a crappy burger joint! We'll serve the boring, overpriced burgers in an awkwardly setup restaurant! Also we should give chips as a side and charge extra for fries because we're assholes."

Blimpy Burger – 🍔🍔🍔🍔

551 South Division Street

$3+ (not including toppings)

Prepare to enter a deliciously greasy food coma: the food is great, but those with weaker dispositions may feel filthy after eating at Blimpy. Burgers are stacked as high as you want and the range of toppings is well beyond the fast food standard. Their selection of fried vegetables are pretty left field for a burger stand, but no burger here would be complete without a side of fried cauliflower or zucchini. On a similar note, onion rings will make you cream your pants. I advise wearing a diaper or



bringing Kleenex. You'll be paying a more than you'd expect from a place as greasy as Blimpy's, but the food is proportionate to the price. The only failing that Blimpy suffers from is awkward seating. Regardless, the experience is well worth it, and an absolute must before you graduate. Their infamously snarky service can come off as either entertaining or petty. Catch them on a low traffic day and try something you've never had before.

Ashley's – 🍔🍔🍔

338 South State

$7.99+

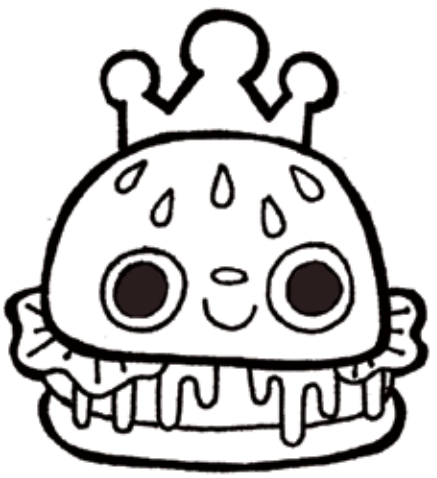
I've always grappled with the appeal of Ashley's. The seating is so cramped and tight that you'll inevitably be rubbing elbows with beer snobs the whole time, and the presence of a jukebox guarantees loud and shitty music during the whole experience. However, if you've got the cash to spend and you enjoy good beer, the place is heaven—their beer selection is unrivalled in the greater Ann Arbor area. ON THE SUBJECT OF MEAT: this place has some of the best bar-food in own and you always get a little bit more than you pay for. The burger was made from good ingredients and delicious, but the restaurant loses points for being perpetually crowded and full of assholes playing beer quizbowl with each other. Get a lineman burger at Ashley's and treat yourself to an ale with more than 20 syllables in its name.

Bar Louie: – 🍔🍔🍔🍔🍔

401 East Liberty

$1 Tuesdays

$5 will get you $10 that you can find me at Bar Louie on Tuesdays for their $1 burgers. Between the dim lighting and all the business-casually dressed Google workers hides a burger joint known to relatively few students. The burgers are made simple but good, don't overload them with toppings: let the meat shine. There's nowhere better to go on Tuesdays, loosen your belt and hit it up during happy hour.



Lucky Kitchen – 🍔🍔🍔🍔🍔

611 East University Ave.

Just like Mama Choy used to make!

A traditional Chinese burger

Sava's State Street Cafe – 🍔🍔

211 South State

$1 on Mondays (no toppings)

Being a semi-regular for their popular "$1 burger Mondays," I can't say that their burger strikes me as much as other burgers I've had. All I can say is that the burger isn't bad for the price. The toppings sneak up on you and can crank up your bill, but extra costs aside, it's the best place to catch a burger on a Monday. On their normal days, the burgers match up with the other menu items in price, but not in quality. Sava's is at the very least a cozy place to enjoy decent food with friends and mock the theatre majors and other eccentric monsters that roam that side of town.

Seva – 🍔🍔🍔

314 East Liberty

$9.95

Genesis 9:3. "And every thing that moveth and liveth shall be meat for you: even as the green herbs have I delivered them all to you." If I took anything from growing up catholic, it's been this single verse. Seva, being a vegetarian restaurant, didn't make it on my list, initially. Truth be told, most of you will probably only consider Seva if you're dating a filthy leaf-eater. But if the opportunity presents itself: don't be afraid; their food is edible. The tempeh burger inspired sensations I'd never enjoyed before as a devout carnivore and I found it better than many of the meat burgers I devoured in my travels. I'm not sure how to describe the experience, but should your spiritual journey ever bring you to Seva, relax: you can enjoy a burger. Go there with your broccoli-headed friends and be sure to grab a side of yam fries. ■

Coming Out

BY NIKITA DESAI

Steve: Dad, Dad, I have something I need to talk to you guys about. Something serious.

Dad 1: What's wrong, honey? Is it about your grades? Are you smoking meth? Because if you are, you can tell us you know. No son of mine is going to claw his face off.

Steve: No, that's not it. There's something you need to know. Dad and Dad…I'm… I'm straight.

Dad 2: What?! You're straight? But…but…how is this possible? I thought we raised you right!

Dad 1: I don't know what to say. Steve, how could you do this to us?

Steve: Do what, Dad? I'm just being who I am! I can't deny it any longer! You guys always taught me to be myself.

Dad 1: Yes, but not this! We were fine with you "being yourself" when you took up the drums. We were fine with you joining Little League even when we tried to put you in dance class. Do you know how much of my time and your father's money went into that costume? How many sequins I used? And this is how you repay us? You're ungrateful, Steve.

Steve: I never asked you to do that! I told you I didn't want to dance!

Dad 2: But I don't understand. What about Joey? I thought you two were dating.

Steve [awkward pause]: I didn't know how to tell you guys this but… Joey and I…we watch football and play Call of Duty. We're just friends.

Dad 1 [turns to Dad 2]: This is all your fault! You let him play with GI Joes and Legos! GI Joes are action figures, not dolls!

Dad 2: Me? You're the one who encouraged his poor dress sense! You bought him cargo pants! Cargo pants haven't been in style since 1998!

Steve: Just stop it! Both of you! I'm not like you guys, okay? I never will be! Dad, I don't have your knack of matching curtains with furniture! And Dad, I'll never enjoy figure skating as much as you do!

Dad 1: That's the last straw, mister. Get out. You're dead to us.

Dad 2 starts crying.

Dad 1: See what you've done to your father? Just leave! And take your perversion with you!

Steve: Fine! I'm going to Joey's house. His parents accept me and my lifestyle!

Steve leaves, slamming the door behind him.

"This is all your fault! You let him play with GI Joes and Legos! GI Joes are action figures, not dolls!"

Dad 2 [in tears]: Where did we ever go wrong?

Dad 1 [hugging Dad 2]: I don't know, dear. I just don't know. It's that damn public school, giving him all sorts of hippie ideas.

Dad 2: Remember when he was just a sweet little child? In his little Bugaboo stroller with the polka dots and ruffles? No one looks good in polka dots and he…he looked fabulous!

Dad 1: Pull yourself together! We have to be strong for Steve. He's confused and needs our help.

Dad 2: You know what I need right now?

Dad 1: Sex in the City and ice cream?

Dad 2: Of course! You know I'm totally a Carrie.

Swing Ann Arbor
Every Wednesday in the Union
Beginner's Lesson at 8:30pm - Intermediate Lesson at 7:30pm - Open Dancing 9:30pm

That night, they made love under the stars...
(it was okay.)

Ladies: keep it prude.

Liberty Street
across from The Necto.
FREE 1/2 HOUR OF GAMING | GAME 'TIL 1AM. All Summer Long.
redeem this flier intact | limit one per month longer sometimes if you beg for it.
Digital Ops North America's Oldest Network Gaming Center
Powered by:
MYTHLOGIC

Jesus, No Homo

BY MEGAN MOCKERIDGE

WHAT THE HELL, DUDE? WHY DO I ONLY SEE ONE SET OF FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND? WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT, MAN?
BUT IT IS IN YOUR TIME OF GREATEST NEED THAT I CARRY YOU ACROSS THE SAND.
Woo! WELCOME WEEK IS AWESOME! AND-AND-AND YOU'RE AWESOME. I LOVE YOU MAN! YOU'RE MY BRO, JESUS! NO HOMO!
WELCOME WEEK

Jacob Rosen's Guide To Sex

Jacob Rosen alludes to the sex act in "Jacob Rosen's Guide to Sex"

BY JACOB ROSEN

For most men, the first step towards sexual congress is attracting a woman. Make sure to wear a University of Michigan t-shirt. This serves as a reminder that you do in fact attend the University of Michigan. Sweatpants give you a chance to accentuate your male sexual organ or, "flesh pendulum," as it is called in the medical world. Like a peacock attracts its mate, your shoes must be colorful and distracting. It is essential to differentiate yourself from other males if you want a chance to experience the wonderful non-reproductive parts of sexual intercourse.

Your masculine mystique lies in your unpredictability. Without it, you're nothing more than that kid with the unrelenting sex drive. Let them know you're ready for anything. Literally, anything. If you spot a "target", as I like to call them, stare into their eyes intensely until you have a chance to approach them. Once you get close enough to start conversation, you say something like:

"I'm ready for anything. Literally, anything."

Naturally, this will intimidate the target, but pay no heed. Always remember, familiarity breeds contempt, but intimidation is the first step to seduction. If in a classroom or library setting, nod your head towards the door and walk outside. Intrigued, the target will follow.

Introductions are very tricky. There's nothing wrong with giving your real name, but if it's something fucking stupid like Jacob or Michael, you might as well tell the female that she reminds you of your mother before showing her your Christian Rock record collection. Always give a one syllable first name: Jake, Mike, Rick, Dre, basically anything that befits a caveman. Monosyllabic names signify strength.

Ask the target questions about herself. You can use her likes and dislikes to your advantage. Make sure to take notes during the conversation so she knows that your listening.

When the time is right, suggest that the two of you visit one of the three most sexual spots on the U of M campus. Pay attention, because taking her anywhere other than these three places *will* result in disaster.

1. The Cube
2. The Power Center
3. The front lawn of any greek organization

Don't worry boys, just one more step. Slowly and gently lean over, close to her ear, and remind her by how much your ACT/SAT score differs from the national average. If you are a University of Michigan student, I will assume your standardized test scores have come up at least once in your casual conversation so far. Then tell the target about all the networking opportunities that the internship you're applying for this summer will give you. This will be enough for the target. You will have successfully attracted a woman. The next step begins in the bedroom, which we will cover in the next issue. ■

Terminal

BY JORDAN SCHROEDER

"Can you hear me?" asked the man in the white coat. My teeth hurt and my veins felt raw. The light was too bright, making the track marks on my arm, so dark and close together, look like a line of ants. "Can you hear me?" he repeated it slower.

"Yes."

I looked over at the desk. I could hardly hear him over the roaring in my head.

"I'd like to run a few tests," he said.

"No, no. I'm fine." I believed it more when I said it out loud.

I hated Frank and had forgotten why we'd become friends, but sometimes we liked to go to the bar and lie to each other. Before we got there we changed our minds and blew the whole stash on heroin.

"Are you sure? Because you might have internal…" Then things got fuzzy. I felt another wave of dizziness and clung to the vinyl table.

It had been hot outside that afternoon, and I'd been working all day. It was tedious, picking through all those mailboxes, but the tellers were always accommodating afterwards. All I had to do was explain that I'd mislaid my ATM card, didn't have any checks on me, needed cash, and then spit out the account number. You could make the ID with a laser printer. Sometimes I would get the canceled checks from the garbage, but that was more difficult. I felt guilty, but I knew one day I would pay the money back.

I'd just picked up a social security check when I ran into Frank. We split it fifty-fifty and then headed over to our favorite dive, a bar on the east side of town called "The Gulch." I hated Frank and had forgotten why we'd become friends, but sometimes we liked to go to the bar and lie to each other. Before we got there we changed our minds and blew the whole stash on heroin.

We went over to my girlfriend's apartment. My blonde, beautiful, alcoholic girlfriend, who I knew would love me forever. She'd kicked me out last week, but I was sure she'd let me in. We were just like Romeo and Julia. A real tragic love story. She wasn't there, so Frank and I picked the lock. She lived in a real shitty apartment. After breaking in, we closed all the windows and shot up.

I must've been extra tired that day, or maybe I hadn't eaten, I don't remember anything except my girlfriend leaning over me, her hair fell into my mouth as she pulled a wet towel across my forehead. There was some other woman, some loud Hispanic neighbor. Frank was lying in the opposite corner and the room was that nice gold color. The kind you get when your windows face west and the sun kisses everything on its way down.

Frank didn't get up.

Apparently they dropped me off outside the hospital. Well, not exactly outside. I was lying there, half in and half out, holding open the automatic door.

I stumbled out of the exam room and down the hall. Some of the doors were open and near the end was an old man with long, white hair. He was talking. Babbling. He'd cornered this nurse, his gown hanging slightly open. He rambled as his eyes bounced around in their sockets. I felt sorry for him, until I realized he'd probably taken as much as I had.

I turned left and wandered into a small lounge. I sat down on a green couch and watched the linoleum rotate beneath me. When I looked up there was a man sitting on the couch across from me. He seemed normal enough, but then I noticed his skin. It looked powdery and sallow. He was staring blankly at the T.V. I think there was a baseball game on. Every once in a while his leg would give a sort of twitch.

"Good game," I said.

"Yeah."

I couldn't help myself.

"So, what's wrong with you?"

His name was Cain. He was thirty-four and needed a kidney transplant. He prayed for drunk drivers.

"And you? What about you?"

I told him it was terminal.

"How long?" he asked.

"Any day now." ■

Nothing is Greater Than Golf with a Gator [1]

BY PETER ELDRED

Dear Timothy,

As I am sure you are no doubt aware, you have always been my favorite grandchild. I have never endeavored to keep this a secret, and, indeed, I more often than not have made it the centerpiece of our family toasts. For this reason, I write to you and you alone this final discourse. Certainly the ravages of old age and habitual sharpie huffing have to some extent addled my poor, senile brain, but I assure you this story is entirely factual, although that may surprise you as it prominently features an anthropomorphic alligator. That plays golf.

When I was right around your age, Tim, just out of college and taking the bull by storm (the bull was that old socialist cripple Roosevelt, naturally), I entered a contest at the local country club. I wasn't a member, didn't have the clout or the dough for that, but by god I had the guff. I realize that doesn't explain much to you, but it's simply the way we talked back then. Moxie was also involved, though I used it sparingly. It has a tendency to become unstable and explode when exposed to excess heat. I don't clearly remember the contest, anyway, but I know I won, because it led to the most magical day of my life.

You see, the prize for that contest was 18-holes with El Lagarto, the most famous golfer of Hispanic descent I had ever heard of. I want to tell you now he was also a seven foot tall talking alligator, but that was common of golfers in the 1940's (all the men were off at war). Though I had never golfed before, I knew this would be my big chance to show my stuff. A promising career in the sport under El Lagarto's wing was just around the corner, I was sure of it.

I arrived at the course an hour before we were scheduled to tee off. I was so excited that while waiting I messed myself slightly, but had shown up with more than enough time to change into my spare pair of pants. Again, I need you to understand that this was an acceptable and common occurrence in my day, and we all had a spare pair of pants in the glove box, just in case. There was a war on, after all. El Lagarto arrived exactly one minute before expected – the classiest move, I thought. It showed he cared, but not too much. He was dressed in a nice pinstripe, or possibly seersucker suit, whichever would have brought more grandeur to the affair. I was in awe. He's my hero.

El Lagarto's on the course abilities were unmatched, but he was no show-off. I'd never played golf before, but he deliberately kept a mere 3 strokes ahead of me. Sometimes, as a show of good faith, he'd send the ball flying clear into the pond 4 or 5 times, offering up a shrug and a big, classy gator grin in feigned embarrassment. When the day ended we both had a good laugh about going 45 over par. He had the strangest laugh. I don't think alligators are designed to laugh. I found it charming, though. Before we parted ways, he patted me on the head with that wet, scaly claw of his and gave me a few words I'll never forget: "No hablo Inglés. ¿Dónde estoy?" Out of the jaws of El Lagarto it was like poetry. Then he gave me one of his teeth to remember him by (I've included it with this letter) and was gone.

I never saw El Lagarto again. I've tracked his career, of course, but I've watched from afar. After World War II ended, gator golf became a novelty, something to take the kids to see. Eventually, people liked the kids more than the gators and took the reptilian aspect out of the sport entirely. Now it's just children with small clubs and a single hole. A shame. It could have been America's greatest sport if things had played out right. A few years ago there was a revival effort by the gator's themselves. Another contest was held as a call back to the days of old. I considered entering, but gator golf is a young man's sport, and I'd had my day in the sun with El Lagarto. He'd gotten old, like I had, and by the 13th hole he'd bitten the young man who was playing with him several times. They had to put him down. I cried that day. For El Lagarto and for the sport.

I tell you this because I want you to remember what golf with a gator can be like – the joy and the wonder it can bring to both young and old. I've seen a lot in my time. I married the woman I loved, fathered three wonderful children (and one clunker), and then saw you come into the world. That was one of the greatest days of my life, but I refuse to lie – I'm too close to departure for falsehoods – the moment I laid eyes on you the only thought in my mind was I wonder what El Lagarto is up to right now. Does that make me a bad person? Of course not. I golfed with a talking alligator. Nothing is greater than that. I have no regrets.

Love and goodbye,

Grandpa Steve

[1] Editor's Note: This abbreviation references the American Alligator (Alligator mississippiensis), not to be mistaken with the 1976 Burt Reynolds film and character of the same name.

Lady Gaga Benefit Concert a Blazing Success

BY MICHAEL STEPHENS AND ADRIAN CHOY

Recently, I had the once in a lifetime displeasure of covering media sensation and sycophant-devourer, Lady Gaga, at her benefit concert for third-world LGBT youth with autoimmune diseases. For this opportunity, I'd like to thank my boss Bill O'Reilly, who threatened to "do me live" if I didn't take this crap assignment. Ah, the perks of being an intern. Last month, I had to give Helen Thomas a sponge bath and act as Sean Hannity's wingman. This time, I had to cover the musical "revolutionary" whose music videos are clearly nothing more than an effort to fit in more props than Carrot Top's act. I won't lie, I'm no fan of the woman. I can read her poker face, and I see two queens, a seven, the two of clubs and a career built on blowjobs and lies. Also, Helen Thomas smelled better. God, I wish I'd interned at MSNBC. Instead of this bullshit, I could be out there catching predators. I almost did, once. You can read about it on my blog.

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The night began in a helicopter parked outside Gaga's batcave. To prepare myself for the inevitable cacophony I would later be subjected to, I listened to "LoveGame" on a loop for roughly half an hour – just long enough to get it stuck in my head. It's so catchy that I added it to my Myspace page. Friend request me. Finally, the prima donna emerged from her chambers. Now, I've criticized her outfits before – I've not been shy in using terms like "He-Man villain" or "rejected Pokemon concept" – but this was truly the most outlandish ensemble I'd ever seen.

Out of the underground garage came a cavalcade of security guards wearing outfits that seemed to be unholy amalgamations of silverware, breadcrumbs, and beanie babies, which made them look like the living embodiment of a five year old girl's tea party. They rode some of the loudest brands of motorcycles, but the roar of their engines was drowned out by metallic baritone hum coming from deep within the bowels of the complex. Slowly, what first appeared to be a miniaturized Megazord came into view. I soon realized that it was not in fact the power rangers' oversized mechanical bitch but Lady Gaga herself in some sort of futuristic suit of armor cast from aluminum and zirconium. With a series of monotone clicks and whirrs that I assumed were to make up the chorus of her next single, Gaga began a radical transformation, aided by the robotic suit. Her body twisted and turned and in a matter of seconds, the diva completely changed into a candy apple red Harley-Davidson, plastered with more product placement than the "Telephone" music video. I tweeted this. Follow me on twitter. The pilot then debriefed me on Lady Gaga's intended method of entry into the stadium: Evel Knievel style, speeding up a ramp, flying through hoops of fire, and landing gracefully on the stage. As soon as I realized that the metamorphosed singer intended to travel to the concert venue in her motorcycle form, I had a feeling in my gut that this night would end even more horribly than I originally expected.

In the second hollowest victory of my life, behind only the time I successfully smelled what The Rock was cooking, my intuition was proven accurate. A mere mile away from the concert venue, tragedy struck. Out of nowhere, an eighteen wheeler that had to be going at least one hundred and forty came up from behind and mowed Lady Gaga and her security detail down. It turned out that the truck was carrying a shipment of telephones recalled because they were unable to receive calls – an irony that will undoubtedly go unnoticed and unappreciated by Gaga's fans. The scene was by far the most horrible thing I've seen in my entire career as a journalist, surpassing even the time I went to a party with Ke$ha and found that I was the only man in attendance who didn't resemble Mick Jagger. It was clear that the entire security detail and the truck driver were killed on impact, but Gaga was nowhere to be seen.

The Lady's "greatest look ever"

Lady Gaga cont'd...

While I'm not a fan of Lady Gaga's music, nor am I a fan of watching human beings die slowly and painfully - you can check my facebook profile. I suggested we descend to examine the wreckage and perhaps even go so far as to dial 911, but the pilot did nothing. Then, suddenly, like a phoenix on a bad hair day, the eccentric diva rose from the conflagration, writhing in pain, with pieces of white hot metal fused to her skin and at least two of her appendages missing. It was at this point that I demanded we save her from the inferno of blood and rhinestones. When we pulled her from the wreckage, Gaga claimed that the accident had produced her best outfit yet, and she demanded that she be taken to the concert venue as scheduled. My requests to divert our course to a hospital were repeatedly denied. Later, I asked on formspring which of us was right, and the majority of you confirmed that I was. It's good to know that my followers are rational people.

But evidently, logic was not to prevail that night. When our helicopter landed and the pilot carried Lady Gaga onto the stage, she was met with thunderous applause. Evidently, the celebrity and her fans alike unanimously agreed that this crude union of fire, flesh, and twisted steel was her greatest look ever. And so, the concert commenced. From the start, I could tell that her voice was full of searing pain, but the lyrics were no less discernible than any other recording or performance of "Bad Romance." As her setlist progressed, however, she become aware of her own mortality and her choruses very audibly devolved into screams of "Oh god, please help me." The crowd's cheers grew especially loud upon hearing these improvised lyrics.

About fifteen minutes into the concert, she finally gave in. Her lifeless, half mechanical form lay in an undignified heap on the stage, denied even a moment of silence by the crazed zealots she once called fans. Unsure of what to do, her backup dancers picked up broken-off pieces of her corpse, incorporated them into their outfits, and continued prancing about the stage. Meanwhile, the fans remained in the concert hall for an hour, praising her for her dramatic exit, or lack thereof, and following the final command of her lyrics. The final words she would ever utter: "Just dance, gonna be okay, dad a doo-doo-mmm." When I asked the pilot why no one even considered the possibility that she might actually be dead, he scoffed and told me that I just didn't get it. ■

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CHANGE
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